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To the Immortal—

Those that await us There,

And those who tarry here.

Edward B Payne

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Illustrations by Mary E. Stokes.

C. A. Murdock & Co., Printers.

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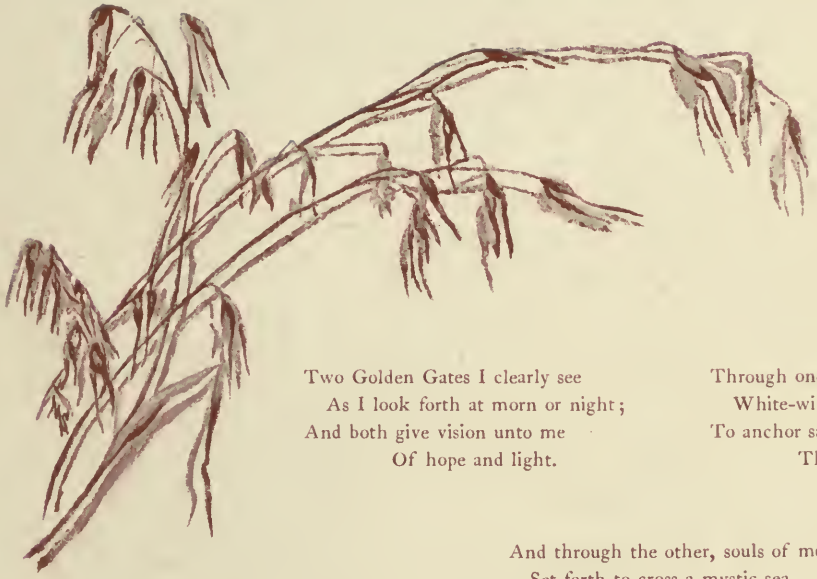
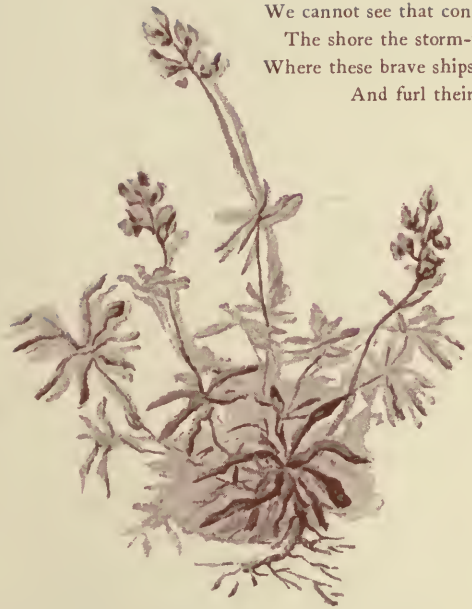
GATES OF GOLD.



Two Golden Gates I clearly see
As I look forth at morn or night;
And both give vision unto me
Of hope and light.

Through one the great ships pass the bar,
White-winged for flight from shore to shore,
To anchor safe in ports afar—
The voyage o'er.

And through the other, souls of men
Set forth to cross a mystic sea,
To seek, in lands beyond our ken,
Their destiny.



We cannot see that continent—
The shore the storm-tossed sailor hails—
Where these brave ships shall float content,
And furl their sails.

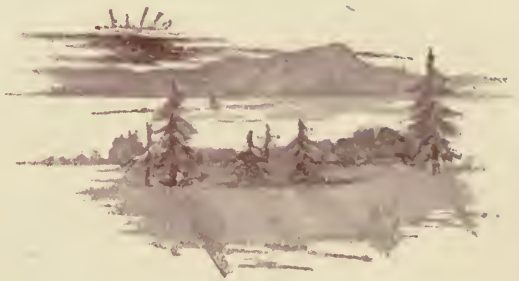
Nor yet may mortal vision here
That other far-off land behold,
E'en when, on flowing tide, we near
Faith's Gate of Gold.

But we may trust the mighty deep,
The favoring wind, the guiding star,
And Him who o'er each bark will keep
A watchful care.

And thus upon that utmost shore
Our faith foresees this happy fate—
That we shall find, at last, once more
A Golden Gate.

DAY'S END.

Life's hours their hasting wings ne'er stay :—
'T was morn—'t is noon—and soon the night.
But fear thou not; though wane the day,
"At evening time it shall be light."



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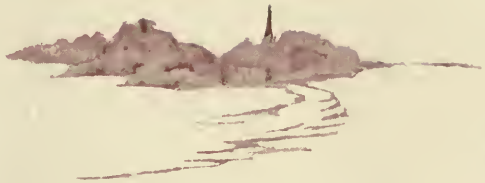
THE LARGER HORIZON.

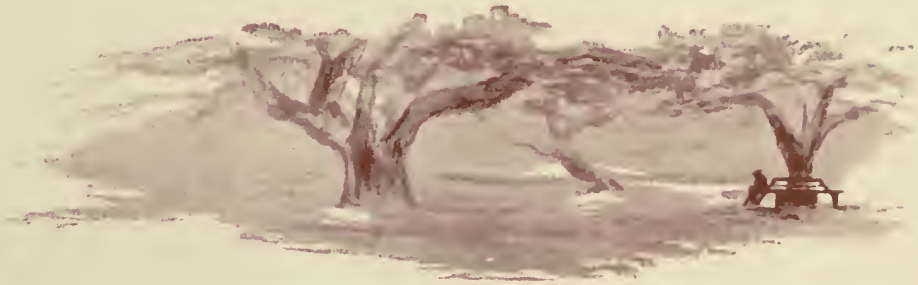


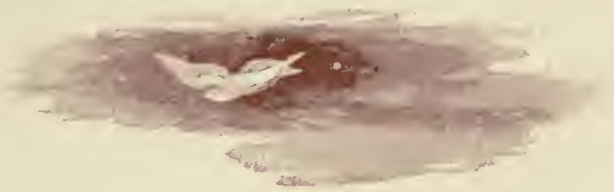
I had a home, now long ago,
  Where sweet content its wings had furled.
One night a tempest laid it low,
  And I was homeless in the world.

I had a friend, with whose dear heart
  I thought to mate eternally;
The fates have led us far apart,
  And now my friend is lost to me.

I had a hope, which I had said
  The opening years should realize.
Unthinking time has brought instead
  Defeat, and loss, and sacrifice.

Then spake my doubt—"What meaneth this?
Is life but false Illusion's field?
Does harsh Fate rule in scorn of bliss?
Must we to our despairing yield?"





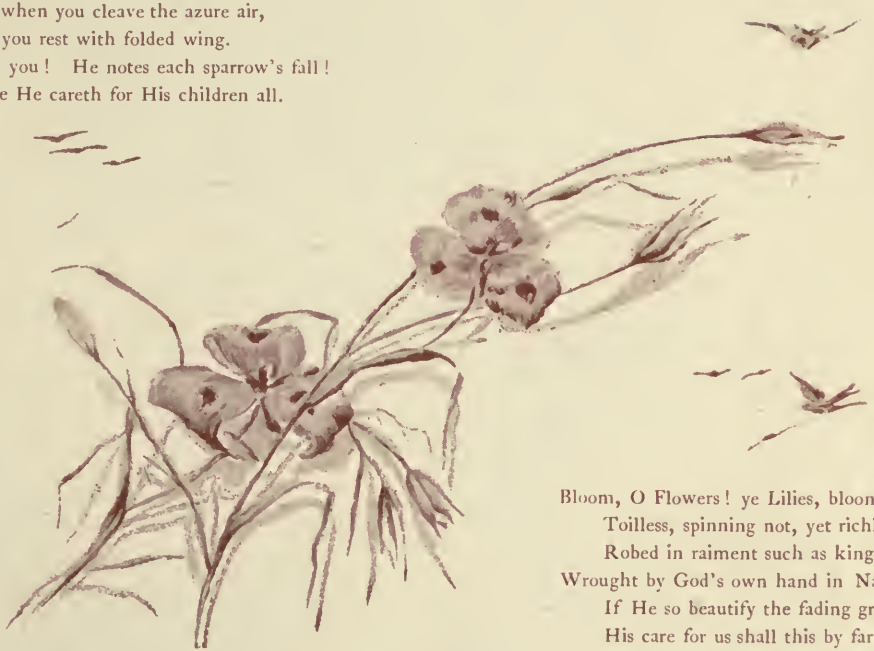
Forthwith an inward voice replied—
"Thou takest but a narrow view:
Let thy horizon open wide
To compass all beneath the blue.

"The world is yet thy larger home,
And every royal soul thy friend;
And still from heaven's bending dome
The stars of hope their radiance lend.

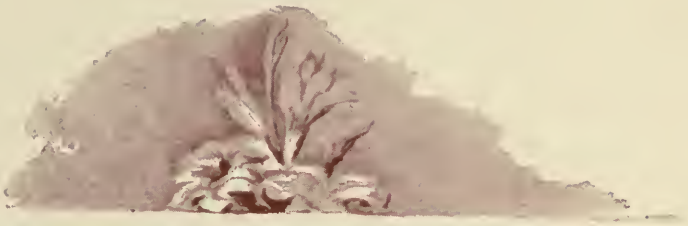
"Live thou for greater things, my heart;
Live for the truest and the best.
Trust thou the future; do thy part;
And then lie down, in peace, for rest."

SING AND BLOOM!

Sing, O Birds! in happy chorus sing!
Sowing not, nor reaping,—yet God's care
Watcheth when you cleave the azure air,
Broodeth when you rest with folded wing.
He feedeth you! He notes each sparrow's fall!
Much more He careth for His children all.



Bloom, O Flowers! ye Lilies, bloom!
Toilless, spinning not, yet richly clad!
Robed in raiment such as kings ne'er had,
Wrought by God's own hand in Nature's loom!
If He so beautify the fading grass,
His care for us shall this by far surpass.



Birth, growth, hope, toil, and death . . . and then?
We sleep—we wake—we rise,—to live again.

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